THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 20, 1807.

POSTCRIPT

TO

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

(Continued from Page 547.)

THE countess was now in the tenth year of her marriage; but before we proceed in our tale, it will be proper to give the reader an account of some occurrences that had taken place during that period. The honest grocer had received a pressing invitation from the earl, to come and join the general joy at the hall, on the birth of his great grandson, the new-born heir to the Grandfield title and estate. On his return home, the carriage, from the carelessness of the postilion, who had offered up libations rather too freely to the health of the young lord, was overturned; the good old man, apparently not much hurt, and concluded surgical aid unnecessary, finding himself better after a domestic embrocation had been applied by his beloved Mary; but in a day or two, he found himself in great pain, and very feverish. He had received a contusion in the side, and the fever encreasing, the apothecary recommended the sending for a physician without loss of time. An express also was immediately dispatched to his son, who brought two other physicians with him; but the worthy creature's time was come: and with that piety and resignation to the divine will, that had marked a life of humility, benevolence, and virtue, his pure soul took her flight to those regions of bliss, where

the good must be happy! and in a few weeks the amiable Mary followed.

At the marriage of the countess, Dido was permitted to retire with Mrs. Love, where she could, without reserve, indulge herself in talking of her dear *pickinniny*, and was a careful attendant on that lady, who, as she advanced in years, became a martyr to the gout. Mr. Meanly married a very amiable woman, and settled entirely at his estate in Hampshire, and became a pattern of conjugal fidelity and parental affection, as well as a valuable member of society.

The countess was presented at court, rather sooner than was intended, his lordship not wishing his happiness in his lovely bride to be broke in upon by the circles of fashion, his doors must be opened to in London; but friendship had her claims also.

Merit's tragedy was in rehearsal at Drury-lane. Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to sustain the characters of the hero and heroine of the piece, from the solicitation of the duke, before mentioned, who publicly interested himself in behalf of the poet, in which the little manager seconded him; casting the rest of the characters with his never failing judgment, to the whole strength of the company. The piece was now nearly ready for representation, as Mr. Merit's letter informed him, who had been summoned to town some weeks before, to attend to the first reading of the play, a task the English Roscius took on himself, and performed, as usual, in the great green-room.

Merit, like all other authors, could not but be partial to the brat of his brain; but his good sense taught him to succumb to the better judgement of the manager, who curtailed the piece, very properly, of some exuberances, and by pruning and shortening the scenes rendered it more fit for public exhibition.

On the receipt of the poet's letter, the earl and countess, with Truman, prepared for their journey. On their arrival in the metropolis, his lordship was not more successful in beating up for recruits, in support of the piece, at the west end of the town, than Truman was in the city. At Lloyd's he was soon recognised by numbers of his former correspondents, all of whom he warmly interested in the author's behalf: these again, at his entreaty, as warmly interested themselves with their own friends; and the merchants making it a point to treat the clerks, two hundred of them were properly dispersed in that seat of criticism, the pit; with others properly disposed in the upper boxes and middle gallery. These lads were of all others fitting for the support of a new piece, being constant attenders on the theatres, taking a shilling or eighteen pennyworth two or three times a week, after the compting-houses were shut, and

and the third act ended,* admittance then being given at half price. As frequenters of the drama, they became judges also of the different pretensions to public favour, and knew how to appreciate talents, and raising a poet or performer into fame, by applauding *judiciously*. By the interest of the duke, earl, and Lord Woodly, among the great, and Truman's friends, the merchants, six hundred places were filled in the boxes before the curtain drew up; and as a new piece naturally excited curiosity, the house was crammed in every part. Mr. Garrick spoke the prologue, and the first three acts were received with liberal and general applause, from every part of the house; but in the fourth and fifth, the mere clatter of hands began in some measure to subside; "after thunder came a shower," for the interest of the poet, even among his most zealous friends, became lost in their own feelings, which were so interested in the piece, as the distress of the fable heightened, that every breast caught the infection, and every eye gave a tributary tear; and when the curtain dropped, it was a considerable time before the universally unbounded plaudits of the audience—with bravo! ceased; and which were again renewed, with increased satisfaction, when the piece was announced for exhibition the succeeding evening, which afterwards run for above twenty nights.

Thus ushered, by general and deserved approbation, into the temple of fame, could not fail to convey very pleasurable sensations to Merit as a poet; but this had no effect on him as a *man*. His vanity did not arrogate all the praise to himself; he knew, whatever were his abilities, those abilities would have mouldered in obscurity without *patronage*, and for that patronage he was *truly grateful*. His friends urging him to a further exertion of his talents in the dramatic line, he in the two successive winters produced two comedies, which were performed with equal success. After which he dropped the pen, not from indolence, but to accompany, and indeed to comfort his friend Truman, whose breast began to labour under great anxiety; so he agreed to retire from the busy world, and reside entirely with him as a friend and companion at Rose-hill.

We shall now return to the Earl and Countess Grandfield, whose union, as the offspring of mutual and ardent love, bade fair for an unremitting happiness; but, unfortunately, it was a love not formed on a reciprocal basis. With his lordship, it was founded on *sentiment*; with her ladyship a *passion*. Had his lordship's station in life confined him to a country residence, he, with his lovely partner, might have had some chance,

* The reader will please to observe this was before the advance of price, and the enlargement of the theatres, being then not much above one third their present size.

at least, for the full enjoyment of domestic comfort. Some plants thrive only in their native soil; transplant them, and they decay. This was the case with our heroine: virtuously bred, the wise and prudent lessons of Mrs. Love retained their primitive lustre, the circles in which she moved not being of a cast to contaminate the mind; they were merely country gentlewomen, who knew nothing more of the movements of fashionable life, than what had been gleaned from novels, where such movements were more generally conceived the effusions of the poet's brain than the portraits of reality.

Here she might have remained tolerably safe; but no sooner was she transplanted into that hot-bed of iniquity, London, and had fairly taken root under the warm shelter of rank and fashion, before too-topped and pruned by the cultivating hand of Lady Basto, but she shot forth in such luxuriance of foliage, as bade fair, from the first budding, to rival all the plants and evergreens about her; or, to change the metaphor, entered the lists on the course of pleasure with a spirit, as if fully determined to distance all competitors. However her heart might have cooled of its fervour towards Lord Grandfield, it certainly did not beat in favour of any one else. His lordship had no rival, four gaudy kings, a black ace, or a pair of dice excepted. But as we do not mean to lead our readers through a mazy dance, following a rantipole woman of fashion through a career of dissipation and folly, for years together, having it not in our power to explore a new path, but must tread over again a hacknied one, we shall once more refer the curious to the stores of the circulating libraries, on the shelves of which they will find all that can be said on the subject so often repeated, that there requires nothing more to be said at present, than simply this—that, in the course of a few years, Earl Grandfield had discovered that marriage had given so fine a scope for the full exercise of a man's patience, that it had more than once been quite exhausted, and required all the softening balm, and healing aids of our heroine's father, the worthy Truman, and their mutual friend, the amiable Merit, to prevent matters coming to an open rupture. Fortune, that seldom does things by halves, whether she turns the wheel to happiness or misery, had contrived to place our heroine in the very sphere she was born to shine in. For to her other talents, and to those talents, we can with truth add virtues, nature had given her such a spirit also, though we cannot altogether call it the spirit of contradiction, some ladies are said to possess, yet it was a spirit fully determined to play at cross purposes, not only with talents, but every fine feeling of the mind and heart, and this spirit was an unconquerable spirit for *gaming*, which, as we have before observed, seemed to have been entwined with her very being; a shrub first nourished and taught to expand under the cultivating hand

hand of Lady Basto, whose scientific skill gave the first pruning, towards ripening and bringing the fruit to perfection.

As the effects of a first cause will be fully exemplified in the future pages, we shall not intrude past occurrences on the reader, but briefly come to a most important event in her ladyship's life, which took place in the tenth year of her marriage.

Lord Grandfield had been absent on business a day or two; at his return to town, found the countess was engaged at the dutchess of Fleece'em's route; he knew it was her grace's public night, and had a mind to amuse himself an hour or so, by watching the variety of emotions which, at different times, would seize the players, according as the caprice of the fickle dame distributed her favours. Her grace was a very old woman, and never played any game but quadrille, not, she said, because it was the fashion (at this time the game was much in vogue), but that it did not require memory; and as she only played for *amusement*, would never play higher than *five guineas* a fish, which she declared was mere *piddling*, but some trifle was necessary to prevent sleeping over the cards.

A distant relation of as slender pretensions to beauty as fortune, lived with the duchess in the quality of a friend and companion; this lady was also an adept in her grace's favourite game, as well as her illustrious patroness; and as scandal will point her venomed finger even at virtue herself, she did not stick to say, though we do not credit the report, that her grace, and the honourable Miss Clarinda Shuffle, had agreed upon certain private signals, which, as a telegraph, pointed out where the *black aces* were deposited, and what *king* would be most proper to call; whether this be true or not, certain it was, her grace and Miss Shuffle always played at the same table at home, and as often as they could abroad, and it is as certain too they won of their opponents very considerable sums. When the earl presented himself to pay his respects to the duchess, a very diverting scene took place: her grace's party consisted of herself, and Miss Shuffle, the Countess Cassino, and Lady Paulina Pam. The countess *asked leave*—at the same time declaring she would play alone, if forced, determined not to be put out of so good a hand. Leave obtained, she named her trump in hearts, and, with a loud laugh, (it is very fashionable to laugh loud over a great hand) protested she would, out of a frolick, have the basting king, (a nick name given to the king of spades). Being eldest hand, the countess led off manille, basto, and punto in succession; the tricks coming home safe, it was now time to look after the friend, and she led a small spade; Lady Paulina played the king, then queen, and after a losing diamond. This, luckily, gave the countess command of the suit, and she, exultingly, exclaimed—"*I can ask you?*"—the other answered, and the two friends proceeded to the vole.

Three

Three of the tricks were won; but who can describe the consternation of the parties, when on the fourth and last trick, the duchess threw down *spadille*, saying, with great good humour, she must now laugh in her turn, that her ladyship from the first had the condescension to talk of a frolic, by treating them with a baste, and not to balk so good an intention, had kept up the grand matadore for the purpose. But like the frog in the fable, what was sport to her grace, was death to the countess and her friend; to their other losings, which had been very considerable, they had now lost a vole, and their losses doubled by playing in hearts. Rage and disappointment, for a time, deprived the losers of the power of utterance; " but when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud,"—each accusing the other of want of skill in the game, and that the cards had not been led according to rule, which had misled the countess, with regard to spadille, by which she had been drawn in to lose a vole, at five guineas a fish, &c. &c. to the great entertainment of Lord Grandfield, who could easily perceive, that both the ladies, in their eagerness for winning, had totally forgot the grand matadore, as much as if the ace of spades had not been in the pack. But the countess's misfortune did not end here: she had held that deal both the red aces, which she now called for to help pay charges, but in the dispute, the birds were flown. The lady clearly proved she had played them both, and her basket clearly proved she had not received them, not the vestige of a fish there could be seen.

All could witness the duchess had laid them out, and all could witness too they had taken a flight from the board, but which way they had travelled, was a circumstance neither could witness, that secret resting entirely with her grace, who did not think herself bound in honour to discover; observing, with great composure, that the red aces should be always claimed as soon as played, otherwise the pool keeper had no right to make them good; so the unfortunate countess to the loss of the vole, was obliged to submit to the loss of the aces.

(To be continued)

FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions: which, either too minute, or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number, the adventures of Robin Hood, of Chevy Chace, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong among the English; of Kaul Derey among the Irish, and Creighton among the Scots, are instances. The most remarkable

remarkable one I ever heard, is one still current in Flanders, a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they tell them to behave like Bidderman the wise. It is, by no means, however, a model to be set before polite people for imitation; since, on the one hand, if we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism; we, on the other hand, find as strong a desire of revenge. But to wave introduction, let us proceed to the story. When the Saracens over-ran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he, for some time, lived in a wretched state of dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love for his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or perish in the attempt. Thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to revolt.

Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage than attempt to assert their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether from information or suspicion was not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier, as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal where he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory; he could produce no friends to vindicate his character. But as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of his sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post; the executioner seeming to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he had received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other only redoubling his blows, cried out "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman only entreated one moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge as well as patriotism took possession of his soul; his fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But, conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige his new masters, studied

every art, and practised every meanness that served to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and, by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place.

As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was to suffer, Bidderman undertook this, to him agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as might be most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming upon the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand, he approached the criminal, and, whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that, to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

"O! my countrymen," cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?" "Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content 'till he had ample vengeance of the governor of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house, adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the dirt in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means, at last he made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy to betray it. The opportunity at length offered, the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they looked on as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage abovementioned he introduced a large body of the most resolute

soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

The EPISTLE *from the* YEARLY MEETING,

Held in London, by Adjournments, from the 20th to the 29th of the Fifth Month, 1807, inclusive,

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS,

RECEIVE, we beseech you, the salutation of our undiminished and renewed love: may we not reverently say, of our love in the gospel of Christ. For we desire to be as the messengers of good tidings, to allure you to increasing degrees of dedication to the cause of truth, and to make you partake of the encouragement which we are mercifully allowed to feel, by meeting thus together as with one accord. But though we have again cause to confess that there is strength in the union of exercise, in a joint engagement of spirit, we also entreat you to remember that "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him." We believe, as a frequent application of heart to the Lord is the practice of friends in their remote allotments, that he will enrich them with due portions of his wisdom and strength. Thus will he restrain in them the dispositions which tend towards the world, he will invigorate those which have their origin and accomplishment in Heaven, and he will even "make glad for them the solitary place."

On the particular inspection this year into the state of our religious society, various objects tending to its welfare have engaged our attention; some of which we shall endeavour briefly to lay before you. But first we are inclined to express our thankfulness for an event which concerns not us only, but incalculable multitudes of our fellow-creatures—our fellow-possessors of the faculty of reason—our fellow-objects of the redemption which comes by Christ. We scarcely need name the abolition of the slave-trade. We view it as one of the most important acts of public, national righteousness, which ever dignified the councils of any government; and our minds have been directed in secret prayer to the Almighty Parent of the universe, that he may be pleased to regard this kingdom for good; and direct its future councils to such further acts of justice and mercy as may promote his glory, in the harmony of his rational creation.

We may also here mention that we learn by the accounts which we have received from our brethren in America, that their attention in assisting some of the Indian nations to attain to the benefits of civilization, is still continued with vigour and with increasing success. We are gratified with being informed of the contribution which friends in this nation have raised in order to participate in this work of benevolence. Six thousand pounds of it are already put in train to be remitted to America; about nine hundred more are ready to follow, and we have cordial assurances from our friends abroad that they will readily take upon them "the administration of this service:" which we trust will not only prosper, to the advancement of our Indian brethren in the scale of civil life; but, like the gift of old, mentioned by the apostle, may be "abundant also, by many thanksgivings unto God."

Now, dear friends, seeing Christian duty is not a complex system, but consists of a few and simple parts, it cannot be expected that great variety should be found in the subjects, on which, from time to time, we are induced to address you. It is a peculiar glory of the gospel that it remains the same. Love to God and love to our neighbour are its grand and primary divisions; each harmonizing with the other; neither, subsisting apart. To the latter we immediately refer the general care which our Christian discipline promotes; and we believe it is also the ground of that more private, but not less beneficial care, which we long to see subsisting in vigour in Christian families. You know our annual inquiry, "Do friends endeavour by example and precept, to train up their children, servants, and those under their care, in a religious life and conversation, consistent with our Christian profession?" The query then descends to four particulars, all of them indeed important, but we now hint at them only to observe, that important and indispensable as we believe they are for us, they are not to be made the sole criterion for judging whether religious education has been duly and successfully given. Consider, dear friends, what subjection of spirit, what care of conduct, and what self-restraint go to make up a good example: tempered, as it should be, with sweetness of manner, seconded by holy firmness, and recommended by its being manifest, that yourselves are "seeking first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." These are truly great, but they are attainable objects: and equally the duty of every one who lays claim to the Christian character; for though all are not called to the same stations in the militant church, all are invited to Heaven; and the general terms of invitation are alike to all. O friends, did we all thus seek and attain to the things that are excellent, precept, impressive precept would not be withheld. Love would inspire it, prudence would direct it, both as to season and quantity,

and

and what reason have we not for hoping that the Lord himself would render it availing by his blessing?

Our query, as we have said, then descends to particulars: of which we shall only now advert to one, and that, because it hath renewedly at this time occupied our attention, called forth expressions of the sense of several brethren, and furnished our meeting with no inconsiderable subject of consolation. We believe there is an increased attention in friends in various parts, not only to promote in their families the frequent reading of the holy scriptures, but to make it the employment of a portion of time daily. We commend this practice, and we believe that if the heads of families are careful in cultivating the seed of truth in themselves, there will be so little danger of the custom becoming formal, that it will not unfrequently be the means of quickening the minds of those concerned in it: more especially if a subsequent pause be allowed; in order that the sacred truths which have been read may have time to make their due impression on the mind; or that the mind may have time to rise in secret aspiration after a blessing.

We find, at this, as at other times, that several persons have been added to us by convincement. We desire it may also have been by conversion, from form to power. Such truly convinced and converted, are a strength to us. They know the sacrifice which they have made for their present condition, and value it accordingly. They have bought the truth, and are so far from desiring to sell it, that they are concerned that others should possess the same enjoyment. But we are sometimes grieved that persons finding their way, and probably through self-denial, into our society, do not always retain their ground. The salt doth not always retain its savour. In tenderness therefore of heart we entreat the newly convinced not to esteem their admission as a period of rest from conflict. It rather requires a deeper exercise. And we beseech friends, among whom such may dwell, to treat them with great circumspection as well as kindness. Beware of hurting them by any ill example. They may be offended, and if they are sincere, they are in the number of those whom we are cautioned not to offend. On the other hand, they are tender and inexperienced, and they may be laden with the concerns of our discipline faster than their strength will bear. Thus, friends, on every occasion, we see that sound judgment and sound practice require depth and solidity. Let us then keep in view, and earnestly desire to be endued with that discernment which is the means, under the direction of the holy head, of edifying the body of Christ.

The amount of the sufferings which have been this year reported to this meeting, from our several quarterly and other meetings, and from Ireland, is upwards of ten thousand nine

hundred pounds: chiefly on account of tithes and those called church-rates, and also for sundry demands of a military nature.

Before we conclude, we are disposed to turn our attention to you, dear youth, who are rising up to manhood. To you we would extend a tender, yet an earnest invitation. We are interested in your happiness, the church will have need of your help, and there is nothing that we desire more for you, than to see you advancing, in ranks of righteousness, to the Christian warfare. And your qualification will lie in humility and meekness, seeing it is the meek whom the Lord teacheth his way. But, dear young men, in this very meeting we have been made to lament, because so many of you evidently prefer the gratifications of nature, which is corrupt, and which tends to corruption, to the cross of Christ, which corrects its hurtful propensities, and to "the grace of God which bringeth salvation." Many of you have a degree of love to our holy cause. Why then will you pursue a line of conduct which tends to lay it waste? Do not despise the counsel of experience. Many have tried the path which some of you tread, and have found it lead to distress; and happy are those whose course is interrupted, and who do not persist in their progress, before it leads to final distress.

But though we thus speak, there are also many of our beloved youth, who are rising and risen into the state of maturity, of whom we are persuaded "better things, and things that accompany salvation." Dear young friends, of whatever rank, sex, or station, it is cordial to behold you, it is cordial to salute you in the fellowship of the gospel, and to bid you God speed. Hold on your way, turn not aside to the right hand or the left. You may have tribulation, but be of good cheer: your holy leader hath overcome the world. Thus, when some of those who now address you shall be beheld no more in this scene of conflict, but if they continue faithful will partake of the joy of their Lord, and your Lord, you may stand in their places with holy firmness, be a blessing to succeeding generations, and "show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

Signed in and on behalf of the meeting, by
JAMES BAKER,
Clerk to the meeting this year.

Anecdotes of Lord North, many Years Prime Minister of Great Britain.

FEW public characters have in their fate resembled this nobleman, who while in power was loaded with opprobium by

by the very persons who have since commended his dispositions and eulogized his memory! Of such a minister, and who once filled so important a space in the eyes of mankind, the few following connected particulars cannot be deemed uninteresting.

"When I call to mind," writes Mr. Cumberland, "the hours I passed with Lord North, in the darkness of his latter days; there was such a charm in his genius, such a claim upon my pity in the contemplation of his sufferings, that even then, lacerated as I was in my feelings, I could not help saying within myself, 'The *minister* has wronged me, but the *man* atones!' His house, at Tunbridge Wells, was in the grove: one day he took my arm, and asked me to conduct him to the parade upon the pantiles.—'I have a general recollection of the way,' he said; 'and if you will make me understand the posts upon the foot path, and the steps about the chapel, I shall remember them in future.' I could not lead 'blind Gloster' to the cliff! I executed my affecting trust, and brought him safe to his family; the ministering and mild daughter of Tiresias received her father from my hands.—I do not know the person to whose society a man of sensibility might have given himself with more pleasure and security than that of Lord North; for his wit never wounded, and his humour never ridiculed: he was not disposed to make an unmerciful use of the power which superiority of talents endowed him with, to oppress a weaker understanding: he had great charity for dullness of apprehension, and a pert fellow could not easily put him out of patience; there was no irritability in his nature. To his acquaintance and friends, he was all complacency; to his family, all affection: he was generous, hospitable, open-handed, and loved his ease infinitely too well to sacrifice any portion of it to a solicitude about money.

"The vivacity of his natural parts was strikingly contrasted by the heaviness of his appearance: in this particular, and in some others, he would occasionally remind me of (Bubb) Doddington.——He bore his part in conversation, and introduced his anecdotes to the full as appositely as Doddington, but I confess he did not set them off with quite the same advantages of manner. They had both the like propensity of slumbering in company with their ears open, and their wits wide awake; which had a very curious effect when the flash broke out on the sudden in the midst of somnolency, as if the mind had kept watch while the body took a nap.

"When Lord North lost his sight, he appeared to enjoy a vivid recollection of the pictures he had stored in his memory from men and books; and I have reason to think that when he ceased to search for fresh supplies, he became the more liberal in dispensing the stock he had in hand, and that was in no danger

ger of being exhausted. He repeatedly expressed a wish to me, that some young man of education might be found, whose business it should be to read to him, and live an inmate in his family. I observed to him, that there were many to be found in either university, of whom he might make choice: but the man who had for so many years been minister of this country, confessed to me that his means were too scanty to provide for that establishment!"

That Lord North, however, sometimes really was asleep, and dreaming instead of listening, the following interesting anecdote, recorded by the 'Annual Review,' fully evidences.

"Once on a time," says an Annual Reviewer, "Mr. Cumberland invited himself to read to his lordship (Lord North), and the ladies of the family, a piece he had been preparing for the stage. Lord North parried the proposal, as long as it was consistent with good manners so to do. An evening, at length, was fixed, and the reading commenced. My lord availed himself of his constitutional infirmity—to drop asleep; but awoke, almost instantaneously, with a profusion of courtly excuses, and many a dire anathema against his lethargic tendency. The poet admitted the plea, himself, in turn, apologizing for the mere explanatory dullness of a first act: yet he could not help flattering himself that the attention of the company would be awakened, and their interest excited, by the progress and developement of the plot. The drowsy fit still returned at intervals: but, unfortunately, in one of the most important scenes, on which the whole seemed to hinge, his lordship took it into his head to dream. He fancied himself in his place, in the house; and most provokingly vociferated 'Question? question? question?' with such pertinacity and strength of lungs, as completely to overpower the argument of the play, and the gravity of the little audience."

An Account of a Tournament in Smithfield, in the Reign of Edward the Fourth.

[Taken from an Ancient Manuscript.]

THE bastard of Burgoyne, a man of haughte courage, challenged Anthony Lord Scales, brother to the duchesse of Bedforde, (whom the king maryed,) a man egall bothe in harte and valiauntnesse with the bastard, to fighte with him bothe on horsebacke and on foote. The Lord Scales did gladly receave his demaunde, and promised him on the faithe of a gentylman, to answere him in the fielde at the daye appointed. The kynge entendinge to see this martial sporte, and valiaunte challenge performed; caused lystes royall to be made for the champions,

champions, and costly galleryes for the ladyes to loke on, to be newly erçcted in West Smithfield, in London. And at the day by the king assigned, the two lordes entered within the lysts, well mounted, richely trapped and curiously armed, at what tyme they entered certayne courses, and so departed with egall honoure.

Havinge thus dealte with sharp speares the first daye, on the morowe they entered the fylde againe, the bastard sitting on a bay courser being somewhat dim of sight, and the Lord Scales mounted on a graye courser, whose schafron had a long and sharpe pike of steele. When these two valiaunte personnes coped together at the tournay, the Lord Scales horse (either by chaunce or custome,) thruste his pike into the nostril of the horse of the bastard. So that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on thone side with his master, and the Lord Scales rode rounde aboute him with his sword shaking in his hand, untill the king commanded the marshall to help up the bastard, which openly said, I cannot holde by the clowdes, for thowghe my horse faile me, yet will not I fayle my counter-compaignons. And when he was re-mounted, he made a countenance to assaile his adversary; but the king, either favouringe his brother's honour there gotten, or mistrusting the shame that might come to the bastard if he were again foiled, caused the herald to cry —*Alostell*, and every man to departe.

The morowe after these two noblemen came into the field on foote, with poleaxes, and there fought valiauntly like two courragious champions; but at the last, the poynte of the axe of the Lord Scales happened to enter into the sighte of the healme of the bastard, and by fyne force might have plucked him on his knees, the kynge sodaynely caste downe his warder, and then the marshalls them severed. The bastard, not content with this chaunce, veary desirous to be revenged, trustinge on his comminge at the pole-axe, (which feate he had greatly experienced,) required the king of justice, that he might performe his enterprise, which the Lord Scales refused not. The kynge said he wold aske counsaile, and so calling unto him the constable and marshall, with the officers of armes, and after long consultation had and lawes of armes rehearsed, it was declared to the bastard for a sentence definitive by the duke of Clarence, then constable of England, and the duke of Norfolk, erle marthall, that yf he would further prosecute hys attempted challenge, he must by the law of arms be delivered to his adversary in the same case and like condicion as he was when he was taken from him, that is to say, the pointe of the Lord Scales's axe to be fixed in the sights of his healme, as deep as it was when theye were severed. The bastard hearing this judgement, doubted much of the sequele if he so should proceade

ceade againe, wherefore he was content to relinquishe his challenge, rather than to abyde the hazard of his dishonours.

An ANECDOTE.

THE late Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, in the early part of his life, after accompanying his pupil, Lord Pulteney, through various parts of the continent, quitted his charge, and returned to England. The death of this young nobleman, which happened on the 12th of February, 1763, severely afflicted his father. The intelligence of that event was conveyed to him by Dr. Douglas, and the communication of it was attended with very melancholy circumstances. Having served some campaigns in Portugal, Lord Pulteney was proceeding on his return through Spain, when he was seized with a fever, and died at Madrid, there being no assistance to be procured but that of an ignorant Irish physician. On the day when the intelligence of this unhappy event reached Lord Bath's house, the bishop of Rochester, the bishop of Bristol, and Dr. Douglas, had met there to dine with his lordship, and congratulate him upon the prospect of his son's return. Lord Bath being accidentally detained at the house of lords, did not arrive until they had all assembled; and whilst they waited for him, the dispatch was received. They were all very much interested both for the father and son, and agreed not to disclose the news until the evening. Lord Bath talked of nothing during the dinner but of his son, of his long absence, and of the pleasure he should have in seeing him settled at home, and married; an event exceedingly desirable to so fond a father, with such a title and estate, and no other child to inherit them.

When the servants were withdrawn, his lordship filled out a glass of wine to the bishop of Rochester, who sat next to him, and desired the prelate to drink "to the health of Lord Pulteney, and his safe return." The bishop of Bristol said, with some solemnity, "My lord, I drink your good health."—"No! no! (said Lord Bath) you are to drink to Lord Pulteney's good health."—"My lord (rejoined the bishop), I drink to your good health, and may God support you under your afflictions!" Upon which Dr. Douglas, bursting into tears, related the matter. "It was (says Bishop Newton) a moving, melancholy sight, to see that great and good old man in the agonies of grief on so sad and just an occasion, and might have moved those who were less interested about the parties than we were." Lord Pulteney, though not equal to his father, yet, by having been many years, both at home and abroad, under a most able instructor, an universal scholar, and one of the most inteligent

men in the kingdom, had cultivated a naturally good understanding, and would have done honour to his rank.

CHARTERS.

THE ceremony of laying a knife or sword upon the altar was the usual mode of ratifying grants before the invention of seals; and it appears that it was not entirely laid aside afterwards. King Stephen's last charter to the nuns of Barking, in Essex, was executed at the monastery by the ceremony of laying his knife upon the altar of the Virgin Mary and St. Ethelburgh.—See Lysons's Environs of London, volume iii. p. 60.

CANNON.

THE following passage in Fabian's Chronicle, under the year 1268, seems to indicate the use of cannon at an earlier period than we are generally aware off:—

"Then upon three weekes after Easter the kyng came to Ham, three myles from London, and was lodged himself in the abbaye of whyte monkes of Stratforde: whyther came unto hyme the legate soon after, and was lodgid also in the same abbay, where for streyghtnes of lodgyng his horses and mules were sette wythin the closter of the sayd abbay. Then the kynge's hoste made dayly assautes upon the cytye, and gunnes and other ordynaunces was shot into the cytye, which lytell or nothinge hurt the towne, yt was so strongly fortyfied."

Answer, by Robert Maffet, of Plymouth, to W. M.'s Question, inserted December 29.

LET x, y, and z, denote the numbers; then from the conditions of the question we get these equations, $xz+yz=273$, $xy+xz=225$, and $xy+zy=264$; then by reduction we get $zy=156$, $xz=117$, and $xy=108$; multiply any two of these equations together, and divide by the other, which will produce a simple equation as required: thus $xz=117\times xy=108$ is $=xxzy=12636\div zy=156$ gives $xx=81$, a simple equation, from which x is found $=9$, $y=12$, and $z=13$, the numbers required.—Q. E. D.

☞ We have received similar answers from J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; and a carpenter of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to A. L. T.'s Rebus, inserted May 11.

IF I may judge of your condition,
Your rebus shows you're a musician.

*** Similar anwers have been also received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; and S. D. of South Petherton, in Somersetshire.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Trewavas's Charade, inserted May 18.

'TIS IVY-BRIDGE will make appear
A lov'd retreat in Devonshire.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. Easter, and J. Lewis, of Poole; W. H. H. of Totnes; a private of the Meneage volunteers; J. C. of Ottery; J. Ryan; R. Loosmore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Colley, P. F. P. and Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Smith, of Plymouth Dock; and S. D. and G. F. A. of South Petherton.

Answer, by J. C. of Ottery, to J. Woodman's Rebus, inserted June 1.

YOUR initials, join'd in order true,
The ladies' PELISSE comes in vain.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. of Bristol; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Ryan; J. Woodman, of North Curry; H. Ellis, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

AN animal first make appear;
A vowel next you will declare;
And, lastly, what the ladies wear.
If you but rightly join the three
A subterraneous place you'll see.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

YE skilful bards, who grace this weekly page
With curious works to puzzle youth and age;
Search holy writ, you'll find, in ages past,
A pious man into my first was cast.

When deluge overspread this sinful world,
Almighty vengeance was on mankind hurl'd;
Then you will find my second did embark,
And was preserv'd with Noah in the ark.

If you these parts progressively combine,
A poet you will instantly define:
Now try your skill, ye learned bards of fame,
Withdraw the slender veil, and shew his name.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I Lately sent you a description of a sean, stopping or enclosing a shoal at Mullion [inserted page 420.]: The following is a description of their manner of drawing or tucking the fish, and their carrying them in a fishing-boat, at the distance of four leagues, in an open storm, the wind at south.

Mousehole, June 29, 1807. R. TREWAVAS, Junior.

DRAWING *of* FISH *at* MULLION.

NOW lusty shouts proceed from yonder land,
From troops of seaners, and a tucking band;
An abler crew no sean could ever boast
Than now arrives to thin this num'rous host.
The smaller net they sink, with closest care,
Within the limits of th' inclosing snare;
The oily host that in this tuck were found,
Great strength requir'd to bear them off the ground;
At ev'ry pull they send a crashing sound.

The hewer now, with pleasant voice and mien,
Commands the dippers in the encircled sean:
" Skin up the bags, and buoy the fish on high,
" And let each crew the double basket ply;
" Now nimbly dip the sable barks to lade
" 'Till the rude wave the topmost strake invade."
Sails reef'd and spread, this dreary place they leave
To plunge infuriate on the rolling wave;
With caution now the trembling boat they steer,
One at the pump th' invading waters clear;
Another marks the swelling wave behind,
Directs her course before the seas and wind:
Three wondrous seas in close succession roll,
Moving surprize in each beholder's soul:
But soon the threat'ning waves again subside,
And for a space ceas'd the deep-folding tide;
Then, by degrees, the helm to leeward flies,
Their steady course now meets the helmsman's eyes,
And smoothly on their pointed track they steer
'Till safe arriv'd to view their native pier.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LIFE IMMORTAL.

SAY what is LIFE? An endless line;
A flame angelic and divine;
A river in perpetual flow;
A movement that will always go;
A healthy graft on Jesse's root;
A plant which bears immortal fruit;

The

The light of truth; the breath of God;
A sun that warms this bleak abode;
A chart by which we rightly steer;
A calm horizon, bright and clear;
A vernal rose, in constant gloom;
A proud exemption from the tomb;
The blissful bower for which we sigh;
A star that seeks a purer sky;
A cordial draught in deep distress;
A guide throughout the wilderness;
An open mine of richest ore;
An ocean without tide or shore;
The racer's prize; affliction's friend;
A kingdom that shall never end;
A glass which distant scenes explore;
A refuge; an exhaustless store;
An antidote to grief and pain;
The secret rule of loss and gain;
A magnet that obeys the pole;
A hand which points to nature's goal;
A precious pearl; the gift of grace;
Of ardent hope the stable base;
The grand arithmetic of days;
And solves the paradox with ease;
A vestal lamp; Promethean fire;
A banquet to which gods aspire;
An oracle that never fails;
The pow'r which over death prevails;
A key that Heaven's design unfolds;
A friendly clue to better worlds;
The pilgrim's home; the victor's meed;
An Heliopolis indeed;
A day without or shade or close;
An haven where the just repose;
A perfect orb; a circle too;
From Pisgah's top a boundless view;
A living fountain, whence began
The everlasting LIFE OF MAN.

Dock, Devon.

ATHEISM ABSURD.

LOOK round thee, man, observe the planets roll,
Inspect the universe from pole to pole,
From less to greater, greater to the whole;
Search but the bowels of thy mother earth,
To what unnumber'd beings she gives birth!
Explore the deep, proud Neptune's dread domain,
Admire the wonders of his wat'ry plain;
Try then thy skill, confess the weak design,
Confess, and own the architect divine;
But doubting still, review the vaulted skies,
Where worlds on worlds to infinite arise;
Where the bright god of day corrects the storms,
And, beaming soft, the face of heaven reforms;
Where Cynthia pale emits her feeble light,
And rules the realms of solitary night;
Where Hesper leads his starry train along,
Shining himself the brightest of his throng.
Trace all their paths, in beauteous order trod,
And say if CHANCE direct them, or a GOD?
Yet hark! loud thunders rend the trembling sky,
See, bursting clouds, the livid lightnings fly!
Hear, and behold these things, presumptuous man—
Then be the boasted atheist, if thou can.